

## DO YOU KNOW WHY --- People Kick At The Cost Of Necessities?

INTERNATIONAL CARTOON CO. N. Y.

Drawn for this paper By Fisher



# KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES

## A Romance of Adventure

### By TALBOT MUNDY

## SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—At the beginning of the world war Capt. Athelstan King of the British Indian army and of its secret service, is ordered to Delhi to meet Yasmini, a dancer, and go with her to Khinjan to quiet the outlaws there who are said by spies to be preparing for a jihad or holy war.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Delhi King quietly follows a plan to assassinate him and gets evidence that Yasmini is after him.

Chapter III.—In Delhi he is met by Rewa Gunga, Yasmini's man, who tells him that she has already gone North and that he, the Rangar, has been left to escort King.

Chapter IV.—In Yasmini's house the Rangar attempts to outwit King, but fails. Ismail, an Afghani belonging to Yasmini, is given to King for a servant.

Chapter V.—King rescues some of Yasmini's men and takes them North with him, tricking the Rangar into going ahead of him.

Chapter VI.—Rejoined by the Rangar at the mouth of the Khyber pass, King and party start through the pass for Khinjan.

Chapter VII.—The Rangar deceives King and Ismail, with three others, to the pass.

Chapter VIII.—King sends to his brother at All Masjid fort, meets him alone in the pass, and with his aid transforms himself into a native hakim, or man of medicine.

Chapter IX.—Calling Ismail and the men back he at first puzzles and then astonishes and delights them by his transformation. Ismail grows friendly and seems appalled at the thought that Yasmini may love King.

Chapter X.—In Khinjan King is taken into the mosque and Ismail and another falsely witnessing for him that he has slain an Englishman, he is admitted thru the mosque wall into the celebrated caves.

He knew the street of old, although it had changed perhaps a dozen times since he had seen it. It was a cul-de-sac, and at the end of it, just as on his previous visit, there stood a stone mosque, whose roof leaned back at a steep angle against the mountainside. It was a famous mosque in its way, for the bed sheet of the Prophet is known to hang in it, preserved against the ravages of time and the touch of infidels by priceless Afghan rugs before and behind, so that it hangs like a great thin sandwich between the rear stone wall. King had seen it.

Toward the mosque the one-eyed rufian led the way, with the long, leisurely-seeming gait of a mountaineer. At the door, in the middle of the end of the street, he paused and struck on the Hotel three times with his gun butt. And that was a strange proceeding, to say the least, in a land where the mosque is public resting place for homeless ones, and all the "faithful" have a right to enter.

A mullah, shaven like a mummy for some unaccountable reason—even his eyebrows and eyelashes had been removed—pushed his bare head through the door and blinked at them. There was some whispering and more staring, and at last the mullah turned his back.

The door slammed. The one-eyed guide pronounced his gun-butt on the stone, and the procession waited, watched by the crowd that had lost its interest sufficiently to talk and joke.

In two minutes the mullah returned and threw a mat over the threshold. It turned out to be the end of a long narrow strip that he kicked and unrolled in front of him all across the floor of the mosque. After that it was not so astonishing that the horses and mules were allowed to enter.

"Which proves I was right after all," murmured King to himself.

to the place, to the effect that the entrance into Khinjan caves might possibly be inside the mosque. Nobody had believed it likely, and he had not more than half favored it himself; but it is good, even when the next step may lead into a death-trap, to see one's first opinions confirmed.

He nodded to himself as the outer door slammed shut behind them, for that was another most unusual circumstance.

A faint light shone through slitlike windows, changing darkness into gloom, and little more than vaguely hinting at the Prophet's bed sheet. But for a section of white wall to either side of it, the felle might have seemed part of the shadows. The mullah stood with his back to it and beckoned King nearer. He approached until he could see the pattern on the covering rugs, and the pink rims round the mullah's lashed eyes.

"What is thy desire?" the mullah asked—as a wolf might ask what a lamb wants.

"Audience with her," King answered, and showed the gold bracelet on his wrist.

The red eyes of the mullah blinked a time or two, and though he did not salute the bracelet, as others had invariably done, his manner underwent a perceptible change.

"That is proof that she knows thee. What is thy name?"

"Kurram Khan, hakim."

"We need thee in Khinjan caves! But none enter who have not earned right to enter! There is but one key. Name it!"

King drew in his breath. He had hoped Yasmini's talisman would prove

himself. The mullah stood aside and motioned King to enter. But the one-eyed thrust himself between Darya Khan and Ismail, pushed King aside and took the lead.

"Say!" he said, "I am responsible to her."

It was the first time he had spoken and he appeared to resent the waste of words.

The tunnel was pierced in twenty places in the roof for rifle fire; a score of men with enough ammunition could have held it forever against an army. The guide led, and King followed him, filled with curiosity.

"Many have entered!" sang the lashed mullah in a sing-song chant. "More have sought to enter! Some who remained without were wiser! I count them! I keep count! Many went in! Not all came out again by this road!"

"Lead along, Charon!" King grinned. He needed some sort of pleasure to steady his nerves. But, even so, he wondered what the nerves of India would be like if her millions knew of this place.

## CHAPTER XI.

The gap closed up behind them and the tunnel began to echo weirdly. Over their heads, at irregular intervals, there were holes that if they led as King presumed into caves above, left not an inch of all the long passage that could not have been swept by rifle fire. It was impracticable; for no artillery heavy enough to pound the mountain into pieces could ever be dragged within range. Whatever hiding place this entrance guarded could be held forever, given food and cartridges!

The tunnel wound to right and left like a snake, growing lighter and lighter after each bend; and soon their own din began to be swallowed in a greater one that entered from the farther end. After two sharp turns they came out unexpectedly into the glare of blue day, nearly stunned by light and sound. A roar came up from below like that of an ocean in the grip of a typhoon.

When his wits recovered from the shock, King struggled with a wild desire to yell, for before him was what no servant of British India had ever seen and lived to tell about, and that is an experience more potent than unbroken ruin.

They had emerged from a round-mouthed tunnel—it looked already like a rabbit-hole, so huge was the cliff behind—on to a ledge of rock that formed a sort of road along one side of a mile-wide chasm. Above him, it seemed a mile up, was blue sky, to

which limestone walls ran sheer, with scarcely a foothold that could be seen. Beneath, so deep that eyes could not guess how deep, yawned the stained gorge of the underworld, many-colored, smooth and wet.

And out of a great, jagged slit in the side of the cliff, perhaps a thousand feet below them, there poured down into thunderous dimness a waterfall whose breadth seemed not less than half a mile. It spouted seventy or eighty yards before it began to curve, and its din was like the voice of all creation.

Ismail came and stood by King in silence, taking his hand, as a little child might. Presently he stooped and picked up a stone and tossed it over.

"Gone!" he said simply. "That down there is Earth's Drink!"

"And this is the 'Heart of the Hills' men boast about?"

"Nay! It is not!" snapped Ismail. "Then, where?"

But the one-eyed guide beckoned impatiently, and King led the way after him, staring as hakim or prisoner or any man had right to do on first admission to such wonders. Not to have stared would have been to proclaim himself an idiot.

They soon began to pass the mouths of caves. Some were above the road, now and then at crazy heights above it, reached by artificial steps hewn out of the stone. Others were below, reached from the road by means of ladders, that trembled and swayed over the dizzying waterfall. Most of the caves were inhabited, for armed men and sullen women came to their entrances to stare.

Ears grew accustomed to the sound of water sooner than to almost anything. It was not long before King's ears could catch the patter of his men's feet following, and the shock click of the mule. He could hear what Ismail whispered:

"Be brave, little hakim! She loves fearless men!"

At last the guide halted, in the middle of a short steep slope where the path was less than six feet wide and a narrow cave mouth gave directly onto it.

"Be content to rest here!" he said, pointing.

"Nay, God! I am the caretaker!"

The "Hills" are very pious and polite, between the acts of robbing and shedding blood.

"Allah, they reward thee, brother!" answered King. "Allah give sight to thy blind eye! Allah give thee children! Allah give thee peace, and to all thy house!"

The guide saluted, half-mockingly, half-wondering at such eloquence, paused in the passage to point into the side caves that debouched to either hand, turned on his heel and stalked out of the cavern. It was the last King ever saw of him.

King turned back and looked into the other caves—saw the weary horse and mule fed, watered and bedded down—took note of the running water that pushed out of a rock fissure and gurgled out of sight down another one—examined the servants' cave and saw that they had been amply provided with blankets. There was nothing lacking that the most exacting traveler could have demanded at such a distance from civilization. There was more than the most exacting would have dared expect.

"Ismail!" he shouted, and jumped at the revolver-crackle echo of his voice. Ismail came running.

"Make the men carry the mule's packs into this cave. You and Darya Khan stay here and help me open them. Remember, ye are both assistants of Kurram Khan, the hakim!"

"They will laugh at us! They will laugh at us!" chuckled Ismail, but he hurried to obey, while King wondered who would laugh.

Within an hour a delegation came from no less a person than Yasmini herself, bearing her compliments, and hot food savory enough to make a brass idol's mouth water. By this time King had his sets of surgical instruments and drugs and bandages all laid out on one of the beds and covered from view by a blanket.

It was only one more proof of the British army's everlasting luck that one of the men, who set the great brass dish of food on the floor near King, had a swollen cheek, and that he should touch the swelling clumsily as he lifted his hand to shake back a lock of greasy hair. There followed an oath like flint struck on steel ten times in rapid succession.

"Does it pain thee, brother?" asked Kurram Khan the hakim.

"Are there devils in Tophet? Fire and my veins are one!"

The man did not notice the eagerness beaming out of King's horn-rimmed spectacles, but Ismail did; it seemed to him time to prove his virtues as assistant.

## Classified Advertising

### WANTED

Advertisements will be inserted in this column not exceeding five lines, three times, 25c; one week 50c. Each line over five, 10c per week additional. All advertisements in this column must be paid in advance. No advertisement will be inserted in this column for less than 25c.

### FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished room in private family; modern conveniences. Two blocks from town. Phone 397-X.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Fine bungalow, eight rooms and bath, rebuilt three years ago, front porch 22x8, rear porch 8x9, cellar under all, hot air furnace, three rooms in cellar, cellar floor and walls cemented, floor drains, electric lights, gas for cooking, barn, cement walks inside, hardwood floors, real fireplace. John S. Stephens, w/g lots 1 and 2, Day's add, opposite town hall, lot 72x129. If you want a house, that is want one, come in quick. It is not my business if Mr. Stephens wants to sacrifice his property. You won't often find a snap like this. T. B. Farrell, College bldg., phone 648-W.

FOR SALE—We have several lots for sale that will average about one acre of land; can be had now for \$600.00. Easy payments; would be especially desirable for poultry or market garden. Tel. 957-W.

J. O. Harris & Son.

129 W. Main St.

"This is the famous hakim Kurram Khan," he boasted. "He can cure anything, and for a very little fee!"

The man looked incredulous, but King drew the covering from his row of instruments and bottles.

"Take a chance!" he advised. "None but the brave win anything!"

Ismail and Darya Khan were new to the business and enthusiastic. They had the man down, held tight on the floor to the huge amusement of the rest, before he could even protest; and his hoarse cry of rage did him no good, for Ismail drove the hilt of a knife between his open jaws to keep them open.

TO BE CONTINUED

### Diplomatic.

Bobby (entertaining sister's beau)—"Effie told me yesterday you was born to be a politician." Mr. Simpson—"A politician? Why does she think that?" Bobby—"That's what ma asked her, and she said because you can do so much talkin' without committing yourself."

## Hot Water for Sick Headaches

Tells why everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it before breakfast.

Headache of any kind, is caused by auto-intoxication—which means self-poisoning. Liver and bowel poisons called toxins, sucked into the blood, through the lymph ducts, excite the heart which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head producing violent, throbbing pain and distress, called headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish and miserable, your meals sour and almost nauseate you. Then you resort to acetaminophen, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritating toxins.

A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, drunk before breakfast for awhile, will not only wash these poisons from your system and cure you of headache but will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary canal.

Ask your pharmacist for a quarter pound of limestone phosphate. It is inexpensive, harmless as sugar, and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

If you aren't feeling your best, if tongue is coated or you wake up with bad taste, foul breath or, have colds, indigestion, biliousness, constipation or sour acid stomach, begin the phosphate hot water cure to rid your system of toxins and poisons.

Results are quick and it is claimed that those who continue to flush out the stomach, liver and bowels every morning never have any headache or know a miserable moment.

## MALE HELP—Plumbing, Bricklaying, Electricity and Drafting taught by practical instruction. Big demand. Positions secured. Earn \$5.00 daily up. Write for free illustrated book, Coyne Trade and Engineering Schools, 43 E. Illinois, Chicago.

WANTED—Weaver to make fluffed rugs from Ingrain and Brussels carpet. Pay 20 cts. a yard. Write Box 89, Bloomington, Ill.

WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Call phone 456-X or 599 Pearl street.

MEN WANTED—To work loading sand; good wages, good hours. C. E. Smith, 629 Shabbona street, phone 224-Y.

MALE HELP—Plumbing, Bricklaying, Electricity and Drafting taught by practical instruction. Big demand. Positions secured. Earn \$5.00 daily up. Write for free illustrated book, Coyne Trade and Engineering Schools, 43 E. Illinois, Chicago.

WANTED—Old false teeth. Don't matter if broken. I pay \$2 to \$15 per set. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail. L. Mazer, 2907 S. Fifth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MEN WANTED—By Ottawa Washed Sand and Gravel Co. Buffalo Rock. Call at this office, or phone 118.

MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE—Prepare for lighter work, better pay, more jobs. Few weeks' completes. Day or evening. Nearly three years' saved. See how. Catalogue mailed free. MOLLER BARBER COLLEGE, 105 S. Fifth Ave., Chicago.

DR. E. A. KELLY, OTTAWA, ILL. 1125 Columbus St. Phone 225-Y. Silver fills 75c to \$1. Porcel. crowns, \$5. Gold crowns \$5 to \$8. Plates \$5 to \$10. All work guaranteed first class. Office hours: a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, 402-34 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Ill. Phone: Of fice, 385-R; residence, 367-K.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

## Professional Cards

PIANO TUNING  
**H. GULBRANSEN**  
Residence, Corner State and Van Buren Streets  
OTTAWA, ILLINOIS  
Phone, 231-Y

PROF. JOSEPH A. REARDON,  
Pianist and Teacher,  
Studio, 123 Colwell Apartments, opposite Washington park. Phone 884-L.

M. N. ARMSTRONG,  
Attorney at law, 210-211 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois. Telephone: Office, 375-W. Residence, 312-Y.

L. W. BREWER,  
Attorney and counselor at law and solicitor in chancery. Will practice law in the several courts and in the federal courts. Special attention given to all real estate cases of La Salle and adjoining counties, including drainage questions.

B. F. LINCOLN,  
Attorney at law, office, La Salle St. west of court house.

DR. W. B. BLUE,  
Specialist—eye, ear, nose and throat. Third floor Central Life Building. Phone: Office 1019-W. Res. Main 842.

M'DUGALL & CHAPMAN,  
Attorneys at law, National Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Ill.

W. H. JAMIESON, S. B., M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon: phone office, 322-W., residence, Main 643. Office in Army block. Professional calls in city or country will receive faithful attention. Ottawa, Ill.

JAMES J. CONWAY,  
Attorney and counselor at law, office, rooms 408 and 407 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

WILLIAM I. HIBBS,  
Attorney at law, office west of court house. Phone, Main 161.

LADIES, READ THIS:  
Magnetic Healer treatments given by one of your own sex for those tired out nerves. Headache, Rheumatism and all nervous troubles. Prices reasonable. ELLA WESTCOTT, 888 La Salle street, after 3 o'clock phone, 556-K, Ottawa, Illinois.

T. W. BURROWS, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon, office, at residence, 810 Columbus street. Office hours, 1 to 3 p. m.

DOCTOR CARTER,  
Osteopathic physician, 402-34 Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Ill. Phone: Of fice, 385-R; residence, 367-K.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY,  
Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Phone, office, Main 215-R; residence, 382-X. Moloney Bldg., Ottawa, Illinois.

DR. J. J. MORIARTY, Osteopathic Physician, Hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.;